

Childrens' Reefer Suits FOR \$2.00.	BOYS' Long Pants Suits FOR \$3.50	Childrens' SUITS FOR \$2.00.	Boys' Knee Pants Suits with extra pair pants \$3.00.	Boys' Knee Pants Suits FOR \$1.00
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Mens' All-wool SUITS for \$6.50.

Mens' Good Business SUITS for \$8.00.

Mens' Good Black Suits for Dress \$10.00.

Remember we have one of the Finest GUTTERS in our Merchant Tailor Department. Suits for \$20.00 and up.

Black or Blue!

Men's, Boy's and Children's

SUITS

ANY - SIZE - OR - STYLE!

Single Breasted Sack Suits, sizes from 33 to 48, Blue or Black.

Cutaway Frock Suits, Blue or Black.

Regent Cutaway Suits, full long style.

We buy all our suits from the finest manufactory of mens' suits and if you find any of our clothing to rip we ask you to bring the suit back and we give you a new suit.

Match Us If You Can.

BELL,

The ONLY Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher.

Mens' Prince - Albert SUITS FOR \$15.00.

G. A. R. Suit, the Best in the world, for \$10.00.

Two sets buttons

Gents, Call and examine our

All-wool Pants FOR \$3.00.

Hats! Hats! For the Children,

Hats! Hats! For the Men and

Hats! Hats! Hats! For Everyone.

Make a Base - Hit and come to Bell's

Our Fall Stock of Overcoats are coming in daily.

Under-Price Under-Wear, 75c. per suit.

STYLES and PRICES to suit the times. We have them for you.

Wed a Neck-tie to your Col-lar. We will tie the knot for 25c.

COME IN! Where?

TO THE "Bee Hive" Store, WHERE L. J. McEntire, & Co.,

The Groceryman, deals in all kinds of Groceries, Canned Goods, Green Goods

Tobacco and Cigars, Flour and Feed, Baled Hay and Straw. Fresh goods always on hand.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods. A share of your patronage is respectfully solicited.

Very truly yours, Lawrence J. McEntire & Co., The Groceryman.

J. S. MORROW,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, and Shoes,

Fresh Groceries

Flour and Feed.

GOODS DELIVERED FREE.

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK

Reynoldsville, Pa.

Important to All!

To Save Money go to the People's Bargain Store.

Cut prices in every department.

Fine line children's cotton underwear from 10c. up; children's all-wool red flannel underwear from 18c. up; heavy quilted ladies' Jersey shirts at 25c.; men's merino underwear 90c. per suit; men's all-wool underwear \$1.40 a suit; big line top shirts from 45c. up; desirable line of men's fine pants from 85c. up; every customer buying a suit of boys' clothes will get a 50c. hat free; fine assortment of shoes at reasonable prices; men's first-class gloves from 25c. up; handsome table oil cloth at 17c. per yard; big line hats and caps at prices to suit every customer.

Call and be convinced that we always make quick sales and small profits.

A. KATZEN,

Proprietor.

NINE HE COMES.

"One I love, and two I love, Three I love," she's saying, And around the maiden's lips Tender smiles are playing.

"Four I love with all my heart, Five and six—and seven— Surely to me long his heart Hath been fondly given!"

"Here I find another seed, Eight both loves, I know it, And still another? Nine he comes— I find just here below it!"

Softly doth the shadows lie Over all the grasses, And the light wind whispers low As through the trees it passes.

In the sky the cloud fleeces flie, Pursued by sun ray kisses, For they are too cold to thrill With love's delicious blisses.

But there cometh through the mead The maiden's blithe young lover, Comes—and then the apple seed Many truths discover.

—Lottie Belle Wylie.

THE SLANG OF LONDON

ITS RHYMING FEATURE, WHICH IS PECULIAR TO ENGLAND.

Say "Daisies" For Boots, and You Will Have Made a Good Start, but That Is Not All of It by Any Means—A Dissertation on an Unknown Science.

By way of introducing the subject let me premise that there is a certain school of thinkers—dwellers for the most part in very unfashionable districts of London—who hold that a policeman in plain clothes, dress he ever so plainly, may always be known as such by a cursory inspection of his boots. Whether this opinion is well founded I know not, but its existence, and also the existence of rhyming slang, was brought to my notice not long ago in Oxford street—not the Oxford street of west enders and De Quincey, but Oxford street "out Stepney way." I happened to be rather stoutly shod, and I wear spectacles, which are, I suppose, often assumed for the purpose of disguise, and as I passed by a group of ill favored loiterers at a street corner I distinctly heard one of them remark to another: "Ere's a tee, D'yer dick 'is goggles and 'is blanky daisies?"

I walked quickly away, but the words remained in my mind. The opinion they conveyed, except as affording proof that the speaker belonged to the school of thinkers above alluded to, did not interest me so much as the words themselves. "Tee" is of course merely an abbreviation for "detective." Much might be written about "dick." It is pure Roman, connected, as every student of that attractive language knows, with the Sanskrit "dikh" and the Hindoostanee "dekhno," meaning "to see." But "daisies"—being the slang term and, as I shall show, the rhyming slang term for "boots"—is a good specimen of a most singular perversion of the English language, which is well worth the attention of any one who cares about linguistic oddities.

Rhyming slang is peculiar to England and, I believe, to London. The French language, so rich in slang, does not admit of such treatment. It is of modern origin, and I doubt if any trace of it is to be found in the records, which are fairly plentiful, of the slang of last century. Nor do I recollect any instance of its appearance in the works of Dickens, Harrison Ainsworth or Bulwer Lytton. Rhyming slang expressions may be divided into two classes—the simple and the complex. The simple method consists in substituting for a word some other word or phrase which rhymes with it. Not that every one is free to choose his own rhymes. Usage has established certain rhyming slang equivalents for certain words, and, although no doubt new rhymes are always being introduced on trial, yet when one has become recognized as belonging to the dialect it can never be dislodged. For instance, the rhyming slang for "a pocket" is "skyyrocket," and neither "loket" nor "socket" would be tolerated. The eyes are "mince pies;" the ear and the nose are, oddly enough, the "frosty and clear" and the "I suppose." How, when and why these particular rhymes were universally adopted will never be known. As Professor Dowden remarks in connection with a very different subject, "To the eyes of no diver amid the wrecks of time will that curious talisman gleam." Who was "Charlie Prescott," whose name is immortalized as a synonym for "waistcoat"? And why should coat and trousers be concealed under such circumstances as "I'm afloat" and "round the 'ouses'?"

Other examples of what I have called the simple form of rhyming slang are "cat and mouse" (house), "elephant's trunk" (drunk), "bull and cow" (row), and "I'm so frisky" (whisky). But if I am asked how "daisies" can be the rhyming slang for "boots" I answer that we have here an example of the second or complex form of the jargon, which finds its highest development in the mouths of experts. Having got your rhyme—say, "skyyrocket" for "pocket"—you are permitted, within certain ill defined limits, to make your slang equivalent shorter and more occult by omitting the rhyming portion. Thus "pocket" becomes "skyy" and "daisy roots," the simple or first standard form for "boots," is contracted into "daisies." In the same way no master of the language would ever give brandy or gin their primitive names, "Jack the dandy" or "Brian O'Lynn." The one is always referred to as "Jack," the other as "Brian." It will be seen that words treated in this way must have a tend-

ency, in constant use, to lose sight, as it were, of their original forms and to become merged in the great mass of ordinary prosaic slang. For instance, in act 1, scene 1, of "The Cotton King" some one says that somebody has "a streak of black across the chivvy." An Adelphi audience knows, of course, that "chivvy" means "face," but the earlier form of the word, "chevy chase," being now rarely if ever used, the rhyming original is probably known to few playgoers, and the word "chivvy" is thus in danger of being left with no more poetry about it than is attached to such terms as "conk" or "boko," the ordinary slang for nose.

We hear a great deal about the way in which slang has invaded our conversation and our literature; but, in spite of the recent popularization of the ester, I doubt if much rhyming slang is heard in west end drawing rooms. And I have only come across one example of its employment, except occasionally in a music hall song, in what might be called a literary form. There is a poem which begins thus, and readers who have followed me so far will find no difficulty in translating it:

I was sitting one night at the Anna Maria, Warming my plates of meat, When there came a knock at the Rory O'Moore Which made my raspberry beat.

This opening makes one wish for more, but I am sorry to say that I can only recollect the first stanza.—Fall Mall Budget.

THE EAGLE'S EYE.

Why It Can See Both Nearer or Distant Objects Equally Well.

All birds of prey have a peculiarity of eye structure that enables them to see near or distant objects equally well. An eagle will ascend more than a mile in perpendicular height, and from that elevation can perceive its unsuspecting prey and pounce upon it with unerring certainty. Yet the same bird can scrutinize with almost microscopic nicety an object close at hand, thus possessing a power of accommodating its sight to distance in a manner to which the human eye is unfitted, and of which it is totally incapable.

In looking at a printed page we find that there is some particular distance, probably 10 inches, at which we can read the words and see each letter with perfect distinctness, but if the page be moved to a distance of 40 inches or brought within a distance of five inches we find it impossible to read it at all. A scientific man would therefore call 10 inches the focus or focal distance of our eyes. This focus cannot be altered except by the aid of spectacles.

But an eagle has the power of altering the focus of its eye just as it pleases. It has only to look at an object at the distance of two feet or of two miles in order to see it with perfect distinctness. Of course the eagle knows nothing of the wonderful contrivance that the Creator has supplied for its accommodation. It employs it instinctively and because it cannot help it. The ball of the eye is surrounded by 15 little plates called sclerotic bones. They form a complete ring, and their edges slightly overlap each other. When it looks at a distant object, this little circle of bones expands, and the ball of the eye, being relieved from the pressure, becomes flatter. When it looks at a very near object, the little bones press together, and the ball of the eye is thus squeezed into a rounder or more convex form.

The effect is very familiar to every one. A person with very round eyes is near sighted, and a person with flat eyes, as in old age, can see nothing except at a distance. The eagle, by the mere will, can make its eyes round or flat and see with equal clearness at any distance.—Philadelphia Times.

Beer by the Pound.

"What do you think of getting 1 1/2 pounds of beer for a nickel?" said a man the other day. "Well, out in the southern part of the city they sell beer in this way altogether, especially at the little German groceries with a saloon annex. When people come into the place for a pitcher of beer, the vessel is set on scales and weighed. Then the customer is asked if he wants lager or common beer. If he wants 5 cents' worth of the first, he gets 1 1/2 pounds, but if he wants common beer he gets 1 3/4 pounds. The dealer I saw did not know how the custom of weighing beer originated. The stand has been handed down for several generations, and beer was never measured otherwise than by weighing.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Rare Stamp.

An interesting and valuable addition has been made to the splendid collection of stamps in the Philosophical museum. It is a half crown stamp, lettered "America," and is the sole survivor of those attempted to be forced upon our colonists at Boston who threw the chests of tea into their harbor, for the colonists destroyed all the stamps as well, except this, which Mr. Philbrick, Q. C., is fortunate enough to be the possessor of. Another valuable addition is a series of fine specimen copies of Australian stamps sent by Major E. H. Watts of Newport.—Boston Traveller.

A Harrowing Circumstance.

Mrs. Thredly—I can't see why newspapers always give all the harrowing details of an accident.

Mr. Thredly—What have you found now?

Mrs. Thredly—Where a man was taken home fatally injured, with a sample of silk in his pocket still unmatched.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A PEN PICTURE.

The Man Had Not Meant to Make Trouble, but Was Unfortunate.

"A strong wind had set in from the sea, banking huge masses of clouds over the city. The rain descended in a blinding, staggering deluge, and solid sheets of fire flashed athwart the angry skies, followed by crashing peals of thunder. The gloom was excessive. The lights in the streets cast a fitful, sickly glare over the wet pavements and the few belated pedestrians who were hastening home. It was a night for dark thoughts and darker deeds.

I laid aside the book which I had been reading—an absurdly impossible tale of midnight horrors and ghastly crimes—and sat moodily looking at the raindrops chasing madly down the window pane and at the fierce night without. The cabbies in the street below were swearing, and the call bells in the hotel were clanging like wild.

Suddenly in the adjoining room I heard a sharp click like the cocking of a firearm. The connecting door was unbolting and slightly ajar. I sat still, with bated breath and hair bristling all over with terror. A shuffling of heavy feet and a muttered imprecation, as something fell on the floor. A cold, paralyzing dread seized on me, freezing the lifeblood in my veins. God of heavens, what horrible tragedy was being enacted behind that door?

Sharp, clear and loud, above the raging of the elements, rang out the report of a pistol, followed by a terrible oath and a heavy fall. Pale as a specter, I sprang, tottering, toward the door to escape, and with a horrified scream fell crashing to the floor in a dead swoon.

I awoke with a start. The connecting door was wide open. Above my prostrate form stood a rough looking man in his shirt sleeves. His right hand was bloody. I seemed to feel his clutches on my throat already and closed my eyes with a gasp. I opened them again cautiously. In his bloody grasp he held the shattered remains of an electric light globe.

"Sorry, stranger," he said, "but I tried to open the damned thing to light up, and hit busted."—Atlanta Constitution.

EVERY HOME SHOULD OWN A DYNAMO

Then Housewives Could Magnetize Hammers and Make Tack Driving Easy.

There is an easy way to render the ordinary tack hammer an article that may be used with comfort and to do away with all danger of bruised fingers from its misdirected blows. A little electricity will do the trick. The process is so simple that it should be universally adopted.

All that is required is access to a dynamo. Then lay the head of the hammer on the framework and leave it there for about five minutes. This needs no strength, but the hammer cannot be detached without the knowledge that some force holds it fast to the ironwork, and herein lies the secret. By contact with the dynamo your hammer has been magnetized and will pick up bits of iron or steel that are not too heavy for its strength.

Tacks and small nails, too short to be held in the fingers when driving, may be easily placed in position for the hammer blows without using the finger or thumb and much speedier work accomplished. In retacking torn shades the man of the house will at once appreciate the blessing of a magnetized hammer, since he can pick the tiny tacks from the box direct with his magnet, press them into the roller with the same tool and by one blow drive the elusive fasteners home.

Carpet laying is made easy and stray tacks in quantities such as will slip from the fingers a thing of the past.—New York Herald.

Frog Catching as an Industry.

Frog catching is a leading industry along the river, and the most successful operators work all night and sleep in the daytime. Their tents along the river are silent during the sleeping hours of the forenoon, but at night the swampy shores are alive with the moving lanterns of the fishers, or rather the froggers. The frogs are caught with an ordinary fishhook, and the most successful bait is a small piece of red flannel. The operator has a reflector lantern fastened in the bow of his boat, and it is claimed that the light makes the frogs snappish without discrimination. The baited hooks are passed freely among them as the canoes, punts, skiffs and rafts are pushed and paddled through the marshes. The frog catchers do a profitable business with the Toronto restaurants.—Toronto Globe.

More Important.

Reporter—There is a story just come to the office that your daughter has eloped with your footman. Is it true?

Banker—Yes, sir, it is true. And you may add that the rascal has taken with him a brand new suit of my livery.—New York Herald.

The Saracens burned the Alexandrian library and the great library of Matthew Corvinus, king of Hungary, which contained 400,000 volumes. When Granada was taken, Cardinal Ximenes retorted in kind by destroying all the Korans and Moorish books to be found in the city.

The torpedo or electrical fish has two distinct galvanic batteries. When irritated, the fish has been known to deliver 100 shocks in two minutes. When taken from the water, its electrical power is nearly four times as great as when in its native element.